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MISCELLANEOUS POETRY:

(MANY OF THE PIECES WRITTEN AT AN EARLY AGE.)

TO WHICH IS ADDED;

A SACRED ORATORIO,

CALLED

E L I J A H.

BY THE REV. THOMAS SKELTON DUPUIS, A.B.

OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD. *K*

L O N D O N:

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P R E F A C E.

IT seems to be the general plan of young Authors, to begin their work with a laboured apology to their readers for appearing in print, though at the same time we may believe that the plea feldom meets with very implicit credit.

Without presuming to animadvert on the consistency, or policy of such a measure, the author wishes to deviate from it; he knows of no crime in publication, unless that ambition be such, which is generally supposed to be its motive and object; and if so, all the apologies that the most submissive preface can have to offer, will do very little towards the defence or recommendation of the work.

The reasons why the subsequent pages intrude themselves on the public, (if it be necessary to offer any) are,

that many of the pieces obtained the good fortune to meet the approbation of many private circles, and those not undiscerning—The Author, in consequence, was applied to for more transcripts than he had either time, or in truth, inclination to furnish. To accommodate this circumstance, the Author has ventured on the press.

The familiar and slight nature of the work may be expected to preclude the imputation of any inordinate ambition.

It is not the Author's wish, that the perusal of his writings should extend beyond those who as Subscribers, may be supposed to have honored them with *their* approbation.

Many of the subsequent Poems have had the good fortune to afford amusement. They have no *view*, nor any *claim* to a higher character; if they preserve this, the Author's expectations from them are answered. He cannot, however, dismiss them, without prefixing what perhaps may be their best ornament, those lively assurances of gratitude to the Subscribers, which their flattering protection so amply demands.

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O D E

O N

HIS MAJESTY'S LATE RECOVERY.

NO more ye Sons of Britain mourn,
The Monarch lives, for whom you burn!
Shout round your list'ning shores th' exulting Strain;
Your King,—your Glory,—is himself again!

For lo! around his sacred brow
Hygeia sheds her crimson glow,
And leads him, by her guardian hand,
Again to blefs,—and to command;
And see! adorn'd in all her ruddy grace,
He rushes to his People's warm embrace.

A

Again

Again the Realm with Glory burns,
Her Champion to the charge returns!
 No more she trembles for the cause
 Of *Charter'd Liberties* and *Laws*;
 While public triumph stills the public strife,
 She wakes to vigor and to new-born life!

And lives there, thro' th' exulting isle,
 The foul of black disloyal guile,
 (With cheated fell ambition pale)
 That fears to join the gen'ral—"Hail!"
 Oh may the thund'ring plaudits—as they roll,
 Sound at his heart,—and chill his dastard soul.

Forbid the thought!—a *British* breast
 Disdains to bear so foul a guest.
Britons alike, with gen'rous zeal,
 The Int'rest of their Albion feel;
 While, from the heart, they swell the general strain,
 And hail with rapture—GEORGE—"their King again."

L I N E S

L I N E S
O N
R E T I R E M E N T.

HA I L, silent scenes!—hail, limpid springs and floods!
Ye vales sequester'd,—and ye mazy woods!
Vales,—where at eve, soft Zephyrs love to play,
And nature's minstrels chant their early lay.

Here, grant me Heav'n! to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Here, ('midst your calm unruff'd pleasures blest,)
Let me from care and anxious sorrows rest;
Till my loos'd soul departs without a groan,
And wings empyreal flight to worlds unknown.

Ye holy groves! ye gloomy awful cells!
Where rev'rend pious *Contemplation* dwells;

Here let me live,---in *solitary* state,
 And mock the *pompous* mis'ry of the great:
 Content with ease,---ambitious to despise
Illustrious vanity,---and *till'd* vice.

And thou, chaste Eve! beside thee let me stray,
 To see the fading hours glide away;
 Then, (while the shroud of night this orb furrounds,
 And the pale moon begins her solemn rounds,)
 Let my unshackl'd soul on wings repair
 To starry worlds, that float in ambient air.

Or when Aurora, in her bright array,
 Pours from the front of heav'n the infant day;
 (Stretch'd on the rosy bosom of the bow'rs,)
 Inhale the dewy fragrance of the flow'r's;
 And there,---in silence on the mossy bed,
 Unfold the volumes of the *learned dead*.
 In the *mind's* eye lost states and empires view,
 Live in past times, and think the ancient new!

S P E E C H

S P E E C H O F J U D I T H

TO THE
E L D E R S O F I S R A E L.

(A P A R A P H R A S E .)

A R G U M E N T.

Holofernes, a Captain of the Assyrian Army, at War with the Bethulians, (a People of Israel,) besieges their City, and involves them in extreme Distress. Having so long borne an adverse Fortune in the War, they begin to mistrust Providence; and, at a Council of the Elders, resolve, unless the Almighty turn in their Favor within the

Space

Space of Five Days, to surrender up the City to Holofernes. The Intelligence of this Measure coming to the Ears of Judith, who was a Character universally looked up to for extraordinary Piety and Virtue, she immediately resolves to prevent an Action, which she considered equally destructive of her Country's Welfare, and of the Cause of Religion. In Consequence of this, she has an Interview with the Elders, and addresses them to the following Purport.

Vide Judith, Chap. 7th. and 8th.

SPEECH

S P E E C H of J U D I T H.

ATTEND ye Elders,—nor thus madly run,
To rush on evils, which we yet may shun!

What, tho' his succor God awhile forbear,

Prefume we in that power to despair?

Whose mighty arm can crush yon furious host,

And lash their vaunting heroes from our coast!

Shall we—shall *men* vain creatures *thus* presume,

T'arraign their Maker? and appoint their doom?

Oft has afflicted Isr'el been restor'd,

Nor *can* she fall, while trusting in the Lord;

Our resignation still he wills to try;

We live, if patient,—if we murmur, die.

Disdain

Disdain not yet the galling yoke to wear,
 And God---relenting---will attend your prayer;
 Dare not rebel!--as when our *Fathers* stood
 In Baal's temple, and to *Idols* bow'd.

O call to mind, how then with sin defil'd,
 Rapin invaded, and our riches spoil'd;
 How sanguine discord with destructive hand
 Brandish'd th'insatiate spear, and scourg'd the land!

No idol mock'ry now defiles our coasts,
 No God is worshipp'd but the *God of Hosts*.
 Shall we then--shameless--to the foe give way,
 And leave his hallow'd Altar for a prey?
 O, rather let our warmest blood be spilt,
 Rather, than poison'd by so foul a guilt.
 How worse than death shall not that bondage prove,
 That's mock'd on earth and cursed from above!
 For worse then do we change our present state?
 Love we the *treachery*--yet the *traitor* hate?

The

The patriot soul, whose bleeding country lies
 Smoaking around in horrid sacrifice;
 Who, not till *then*, hath sheath'd his honest sword,
 Who holds his *virtue*, tho'---he change his Lord;
 Shall find compassion in the deadliest foe,---
 Shall smile in bondage, and shall conquer Woe.

But *Traitors*!--base destroyers of *their kind*,
 Who seek the favor which they cannot find;
 Groan out a life, the taunting *Victor's* sport,
 In some *mean* office---where---they cannot hurt.

Still then out-brave the horrid front of war;
 ---God on our side---O still its perils dare!
 Here stand,---nor yield, till death has *forc'd us hence*,
 Or---*conquest* crown'd us in our firm defence.

B

ODE

O D E

TO

W I S D O M.

NOW, thro' the thick'ning shade, the bird of night
Hovers around, in solitary flight,

Above the Gothic tow'r,

(Sequester'd from the prying beam of day)

In gloomy fullen silence where she lay

Deep in her ivy bow'r;

And now, chaste Maid! thy votary attends,

Here, to thy awful summons prostrate bends,

And bids thine altar *hail!*

E'en now, the faithful Eccho wafted round,

Yon list'ning grove, the solemn pleasing sound,

And gave it to the gale.

Hail,

Hail, idol of my soul! blest'd in that art,
Which to reflection knows to form the heart,

Hail, source of mental sight!
Low at thy hallow'd spotless shrine I bow;
O deign t'attend a suppliant's *modest* vow,
Who courts thy chaste delight.

I ask not fortune's gems, ambition's plume;
I ask not specious beauty's fading bloom;

Nor breathe a wanton pray'r:
Let gaudy avarice and titled pride,
Their idle pomp and glitt'ring toys divide,
I scorn the boon to share.

To *me*, thy richer, nobler, gifts impart;
Give me each moral *beauty* of the *Heart*

By thy pure thoughts refin'd;
Give me for *wealth*, the *treasures of content*;
Give me for *pow'r*, its largest, best extent,
An *empire* o'er my mind.

When *pleasure's* rosy chaplets droop and fade,
 And all the lustre of her vain parade
 Sink to the yauning tomb;
 Then shall thy ever verdant laurels rise,
 And circle round thy yet *immortal* prize,
 And with new splendor bloom.

Oh, be no more to *earth* my thoughts confin'd,
 But--led by thee--my renovated mind
 To heav'n direct its flight;
 Science from thee--in all her native force
 Deriv'd,--unfolds to man the heav'nly source
 Of intellectual light!

Thro' *Thee*, behold she pours her steady ray,
 And sheds a radiance on the doubtful way
 Thro' life's *mysterious* road.
 Before the beam the clouds of *error* roll;
 It warms, directs, and animates my foul,
 To happiness and good.

ON THE

D E I T Y.

A F R A G M E N T.

IMMENSE the Being that presides o'er all!
Mysterious pow'r, that fram'd this earthly ball!
That, from rude *Chaos*, bade the structure rise
Of earth, of heav'n, of ocean, and the skies;
And Universal Nature bade proclaim,
The mighty Author of her wond'rous frame.

Great source of vital light! whose fostering rays
Shed life on all,—we hymn thy sacred praise!
We laud *that* pow'r, by whose supreme control
The lightning flashes, and the thunders roll.—

ANACREONTIC

A N A C R E O N T I C S O N G ,

Set to M U S I C by Doctor P. H A Y E S,

Professor of Music in the University of Oxford.

I N my massy flowing bowl
Stream *Falernian* richly roll!
Fulgent as the *Tyrian* dye,
Sparkle there with luscious eye!

Rosy *Bacchus*, at thy shrine
Let me pour the gen'rons wine;
A deluge o'er the altar run,
Libations of thy votive son.

Lethe, cease your sluggish course;
Joys *here* spring from purer source;
Th'empurpl'd juice, that from the vine
Still flows unmix'd,--'tis *mirth*!--'tis *wine*!

THE

THE LOVER'S LAST WISH.

SAY, still shall Strephon's ardent tears
Bedew his Delia's breast in vain?

Still, still unpitied be the pray'rs,
That seek but Delia's love to gain?

For her I scorn'd the golden tide,
That laves proud Libya's burning shore;
For her I shun'd *ambition's* pride,
Nor sought for learning's sacred store.

My fondest hope—to waste each day
In softness, blest in Delia's arms;
Till old in love—a soft decay
Shou'd steal me, senseless, from her charms.

Cherub of bliss, propitious hear!
Grant me, Oh, grant such fond desire!
Or, if in vain I breathe the pray'r,
Let me *in breathing it expire!*

THE

THE
XXIII. ODE of HORACE

TRANSLATED.

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

It may be necessary to premise, that among the Ancients, Fountains were held as sacred, and even supposed to possess divine powers. In conformity to this persuasion, it was customary to offer sacrifices and libations in honour of them. To this Virgil and Ovid bear repeated testimonies.

The particular Fountain to which the Poet addresses the subsequent Ode was called Bandusia, and situated in his own garden, which was in the Sabine Fields, adjoining to his Villa. He is said to have had no small degree of veneration for it.

HAIL,

HA I L, silver stream! whose glassy tide
Doth as the polish'd chrystal glide.

To thee the goblet, deck'd with * flow'rs,
Its due libations richly pours.

A † goat, whose antlers 'gin to spread

Their barrier round his turgid head,

Whose bosom glows with young desires,

Which kindling *love* or *war* inspires,

Before to-morrow's rising dawn,

Thy sacred altar shall adorn.

In vain the Dog-star's fervid ray
Flames forth its rage and fires the day;

* According to the tradition of Virgil, and others, (vide Geo. II. l. 528) the vessels containing the libations in the sacrifices, &c. were usually crown'd with chaplets of flowers.

† A young goat was a very common victim of sacrifice.

While you refreshing coolness yield,
 To the parch'd flocks that range the field;
 Or to the labour-wearied team
 Distil the coolness of thy stream:
 Soon shalt thou flow a regal spring,
 While, in immortal verse, I sing
 The groves which clothe the rocks around,
 From whence thy purling waters bound.

EPIGRAM,

E P I G R A M,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE

ON THE BANKS OF THE CHERWELL.

AS Thomas and Ned, in a meadow had stray'd,
To angle for perch, by a willow's cool shade;
Cries Ned, in a passion, " The fish will ne'er *bite* ;
" I've tried ev'ry *bait*—but not found out the *right*.
" Pshaw! Pshaw!" replies Thomas, " The reason *I've* hit,
" The fish," my friend Ned, " have no mind to be *bit*."

* L I N E S.

HOW stands the bowl lads? push it round;
 Let mirth and social joys abound;
 Seize *Daddy Time* before he pass;
 Invite th' old Boy to drink a glass;
 So shall he gladly with us stay,
 And for a *glass*---we'll gain a *day*.

* These lines, and the preceding Epigram, are set as catches by Dr. Hayes, and published with the *Anacreontic* in page 14, in an ingenious publication of the Doctor's, called the *Muses Delight*.

THE
THE

METAMORPHOSE,

AN

EPIGRAM.

ALILY round the arbor twin'd,
Where Venus and her loves reclin'd;
It view'd dear Beauty's sweet repose,
And---blushing---it became a rose.

THE

T H E

XXIII. ODE OF ANACREON.

ΕΙΣ ΧΡΥΣΟΝ.

COULD boasted riches lengthen life,
Or triumph o'er the yawning grave;
In conscience spite I'd plot and scheme,
Th' inestimable boon to save.

Then Death might *shake his lance* in vain,
In vain his grisly brow display;
I'd *shake my purse*, and soon dispatch
The Monarch to a *poorer prey.*

But

But since, alas! not all the wealth,
That from Peru's rich treasures flow;
Nor yet the *ruddier blaze* of gems,
That round the banks of Ganges glow.

Since these, in vain, our narrow sphere
Might boast one moment to extend;
Why should th' unmanly sorrow flow,
Or, why such foolish tears descend?

Since to our former earthly state,
In spite of all, we must return;
Why, after pageantry and wealth,
Should toils and cares our bosoms burn?

While I can call the *time my own*,
Each moment will I tune to joy;
Nor shall a wish for dirty pelf
My calm tranquility destroy.

Thus,

Thus, while along the sea of life,
 On silent waves I gently glide;
 Each dark anxiety of soul,
 While thus I carelessly deride;

Oh! may some chosen friend, like thee,
 (His brows with rosy chaplets crown'd,)
 Still quaff with me th' empurpl'd juice,
 And fill the laughing goblet round.

Thus shall each day, by pleasure led,
 On rosy hours glide away;
 Till *Sol* his beamy brightness hide,
 And *Phæbe* sheds her milder ray.

While I can call the time my own,
 Each moment will I trade for joy;
 Not that I wish for duty's bell,
 My calm tranquillity destroy.

THE FOLLOWING
SONG,

Being written on a very *singular* occasion, it may not be generally understood without some previous explanation.

A few years since, the Author spent a part of the summer at a gentleman's house, near Leicester, well known as the seat of Friendship, and *rational* Conviviality: Among a variety of diversions, a favourite one was sailing on the River Soar; which watered the banks of the gentleman's garden; this amusement, however, was much impeded by the river's being almost choaked with weeds; some of the gentlemen who formed the party on these occasions, (by way of frolic,) determined to remove this obstruction to an amusement which afforded peculiar pleasure to the *ladies*; accordingly, *the proper instruments being prepared*—the work was begun and finished; and, to complete the *achievement*, as well as to celebrate the return of

D

purity

purity to this favourite stream—The boat belonging to the house, and in which the operation was accomplished, being filled with the weeds, and adorned with garlands of reeds, and water flowers, sailed down the river with bands of music, in *all the pomp and pageantry of triumph!* The ladies from the house appeared in the garden at the banks of the river; and on the boat approaching them, the following, which had been written *extempore*, on the occasion, was sung by the Author, with a chorus:

On the arrival of the boat at the banks of the garden, the ladies embarked; and after having enjoyed a fine sail, returned home, and concluded the evening with mirth, music, and good humour.

THE

T H E S O N G.

SEE where along the yielding tide,

Our *pompous* barks triumphant ride;

Proud in their trophies as the car,

Deck'd in the pageantry of war,

We jovial reapers proudly come,

To celebrate *our* harvest home.

Hither---every social friend,

From stinting care your thoughts unbend;

New frolic sports this day shall yield,

As *pure* as is our *harvest field*.

II.

Knows now your mind foul trouble's weeds,
Throw them amongst these barren reeds;
For nought but virgin spotless glee
A member of our feast shall be.
So shall your spirit's highest flow,
An emblem of our labors shew,
That clear'd the stream's impeded course,
Whence springs *Amusement's* gayest source;
Here then, jovial friends away,
Come, celebrate our holy-day.

III.

See where in calm unruffled tide,
By those lov'd banks the waters glide;
Where you, ye fair, around disclose,
Luxuriant Beauty's op'ning rose;

And

And hark, along the wanton air,
 How music hails yon welcome here;
 With your lov'd charms then make us blest,
 And Jove shall wish to be our guest.
 Come then, ye fair, obey the call,
 And join the sports of Wanlip Hall.

IV.

Old Time, (they say,) with fluttering wing,
 Will stay for neither *Man or Kings*;
 Come—let's try him—friends be bold,
 If *here is presence* he'll with-hold;
 —Nor time, nor tide can fly away,
 When mirth and beauty bid them stay.
 In all your splendor fair ones come—
 Come decorate our *harvest home*.
 Not like the *Roman* then we'll say
 We've *lost*—but lads—we've *gain'd a day*.

Let

V.

Let *Ceres* from her treasures pour,
With lavish'd hand her golden store;
Tho' no *such* fruits *our* labors crown,
Superior triumphs still we own.
The joys *we* boast, and *Beauty's* bloom,
Deign not to grace *her* harvest home.

Then as along the waves we ride,

In greater, far superior pride;

Let music hail around her shore,

The pleasures of the "*River Soars*."

LINES.

L I N E S,

I M P R O M P T U.

Written during a Private Concert, at the same place as the foregoing.

HOW as from Heav'n the lays resound,
That spring from friendship's gen'rous zeal;
How concord breathes in ev'ry sound!
What rapture doth *attention* feel!

No *venal* languor checks the strains—
Spontaneous from *the heart* they flow;
Domestic bliss thro'out them reigns,
And speaks the joys themselves bestow.

WINTER.

W I N T E R.

A RHAPSODY.

NOW o'er the languid world dread Winter reigns.—
The thick'ning gloom enshrouds the setting day;
In rude wild waste behold the desert plain,
That bloom'd but now before the solar ray.

No more in rural pride the lawns appear;
The humble cot scarce rises thro' the snow;
The stream is fetter'd in its check'd career;
And, from their source, th' imprison'd waters groan,

Yet

Yet, from yon shaggy steep, (whose hoary brows
 Roll o'er its rocky side the trickling show'r;) How calm
 The purling rill, amid the valley flows, The hoarse cascade is
 Pure and unconquer'd by th' astringent pow'r. And the

So virtue pure, and uncorrupt remains, But see!—again the tempest
 And braves the storm when o'er a prostrate land, The howling
 Triumphant bondage shakes the pond'rous chains, Night found
 Nor deigns t'attend th' tyrant's proud command. And

Now on the pensive world pale ev'n descends;
 Now longs the weary trav'ler for his home;
 With labour'd step o'er the wild waste he bends
 His wearied way, amid her solemn gloom.

E

How

How calm the sphere!—as now the winds awhile
 Restrain their rage, and in their caverns sleep;
The hoarse cascade is heard for many a mile,
 And the mad torrents of the lab'ring deep.

But see!—*again* the tempest shakes the sky;
 The hollow mountains to the storm rebound;
Night sounds her edict, and the winds arise,
 And horror universal reigns around.

Ye pow'rs! oh, bear me to some safe retreat,
 Remote from storms like these of worldly care,
Far from th'enslaving grandeur of the great,
 That source of hidden anguish and despair.

There,

There, while the Winter spends its hottest rage;
While louder tempests shake the guilty heart,
Let chaste reflection all my soul engage,
And to my tranquil mind its love impart.

The sacred rolls of time let me survey,
And trace the giddy fate of mortal things;
How empires rise, how flourish, and decay;
How Princes fall, and Peasants rise to Kings.

How splendid guilt has stain'd the regal throne,
Rob'd in the specious pageantry of state;
While modest worth, unpitied, and unknown,
In silence struggl'd with oppressive fate.

So flames from Heav'n the lawless meteor's blaze,
And sinks anon ~~suppress'd~~ ^{quenched} in endless night;
Darkness may shroud the sun's illustrious rays,
Yet soon he mounts triumphant into light.

Nor be to books alone my thoughts confin'd;
But to society awhile repair;
Where god-like friendship cheers the languid mind,
And cheerful converse veils the gloom of care.

Hence, the proud zealot, whose enlighten'd rage
Would wrest the bolt from his Creator's hand,
With his own rancour blots the hallow'd page,
And scatters hot damnation thro' a land.

O come

O come then Friendship--Love--the gloom dispel ;
 Let chasten'd Mirth the social hours employ ;
 Let the accordant lyre my raptures swell,
 And warm the heart enthrall'd to heav'nly joy.

11 7 19

INTRODUCTION.

THE argument of the following Poem, is founded on an established fact, which occurred during the late unhappy hostilities in America, in an engagement between the British troops and the Delaware Indians.

The intelligence was conveyed to England, by a private letter from a gentleman in America, to his friend in London. The Author was struck with the affecting tale of the captive: it appeared peculiarly adapted to poetical description: how far it may have received illustration from the present

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

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present attempt remains to be determined. The Author, however, ventures to flatter himself, that the *narration* alone will, in a great degree, compensate for any deficiency of the Poet.

The circumstances of this little history are strictly adhered to; the Author judging that a fact so simply affecting in itself, would receive no degree of improvement from the aid of poetical fiction. The attentive reader will deduce from the perusal, a lively and powerful proof of what has often been the opinion of Sentimentalists, that the rudest and most uncivilized people, are not estranged from those affections which are the natural and *common* endowments of human nature; and that there are continually to be met with instances of humanity amongst them, which the most refined class of our fellow-creatures cannot excel.

N. B.

N. B. The original letter, containing the following story, may be met with (to the best of the Author's recollection) in many of the Magazines, and News-papers, of the date specified in the Title Page.

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THE

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

A

P O E M.

WHEN o'er the western world Bellona spread
Her sanguine flag—and patriot virtue bled ;
Fate, who directs the varied forms of war,
Marshall'd the tawny Chieftains from afar ;
And on their side—bade *British* valor yield,
And seek for succour from the hard fought field.

Worn with fatigue, and strangers to the land,
They fell devoted to a foreign hand ;

F

Amid

Amid the mad career of triumph's rage,
 A British Chief---on whom the dawn of age
 Scarcely as yet had shed its roseate glow,
 Emerg'd from bondage 'gainst a double foe;
 Undaunted 'gainst th' unequal chance he fought,
 T' exact the freedom which in vain he sought.
 (Vain was the force of India's poison'd dart,
 To shake the valor of a British heart;)

For liberty or death, (his native boon,)

The hero fought---when to the combat, soon
 An Indian Chieftain with his bow advanc'd,
 And at the youth, a deadly shaft had lanc'd;
 But wonder loos'd his nerve!-----

He view'd the youth he honour'd, and admir'd:
 To nobler deeds his gen'rous bosom fir'd,
 By nature savage, dark, and unrefin'd;
 Mercy, from Heaven, beam'd upon his mind;

The foes observant of their Chieftain's will,
 Retir'd, and spared the blood they dar'd not spill.

The

The vet'ran now, with many a tender smile,
 Labour'd his *Captive's* sorrow to beguile;
 Sooth'd his alarms, and generously strove
 To calm his feelings, with a *Christian's* love.

The simple science of his wild domain,
 And how in Indian speech his thoughts t'explain,
 The hoary victor his disciple taught,
 And his young mind to *rude* perfection wrought.
 Thus, in the Indian's cot in rural ease
 They liv'd, and hail'd the smiles of peace;
 Till fix'd affection in the vet'ran's breast,
 Grew to a *Father's* fondness for his guest;
 Yet when his vows of love the Sire would speak,
 A silent tear stole o'er his aged cheek;
 Blind to the cause, the youth beheld him grieve,
 And strove, in vain, his feelings to relieve;
 In vain he urg'd his patron to impart,
 The secret pang that prey'd upon his heart;

Still ever and anon, with tear fraught eye,
He'd view the youth, and heave the painful sigh.

Mean while, the year renew'd the vernal smile,
Yet blew afresh the spark of hostile broil;
War---fanguine war her standard rear'd again,
And hail'd the Chieftain's marshall'd o'er the plain.
Again the Indian Sire for glory burns,
And with his captive to the charge returns.
Rude India's arms the youthful soldier bore,
Arms which his ag'd, his honor'd guardian wore;
Thro' many a dreary league they mark'd their way,
Where Albion's camp was pitched in proud array:
The Indian halts, and to his much lov'd child,
Points out the British tents---and then---with accent mild
As heav'nly precept, (leaning on his breast,)
Thus, with a fix'd regard, the youth address'd:—

“ Behold,

"Behold, my son! behold your country's arms,
"Again prepare to spread their rude alarms;
"Again th'infatiate hand of war extends,
"Gainst India's peace from those your native friends.
"To me, to me, (for well, brave youth, I know
"The noblest feelings in thy bosom glow,)
"To me thou'lt own thy life and safety due,
"In me the father, and the friend you knew,
"I first to precept train'd your plastic heart,
"I taught your nerves to wield the Indian dart,
"Shew'd thee the customs of our tawny race,
"To scalp the foe---to vanquish in the chace;
"To rude perfection wrought your youthful mind;
"Each helpless sense, each native pow'r refin'd.
"Say---wilt thou from thy loving Sire depart,
"And at his bosom aim the British dart?"

The youth replies,-----

"While vital spirit warms my grateful heart,"
"It glows for thee, lov'd Sire, we'll never part."

At

At this the good old Hero bow'd his eye
 As fix'd with grief---a tear permits reply ---
 "Hast thou, my son," (says he) "in Albion's isle
 " *A parent* on thy wond'rous worth to smile?"
 The youth rejoin'd, "When warm with martial fire,
 "I left my home, he liv'd---alas, poor Sire!"
 (Exclaim'd the Chief)---"a parent I have been
 "Here, hot and active in the martial scene;
 "My son, as nobly fighting by my side,
 "Fell at my feet, and in the conflict dy'd;
 "Yet glory beam'd upon his falling crest,
 "And vengeance rises in his father's breast."
 As thus he eager told the anxious tale,
 His sinews quiver'd, and his face grew pale;
 Fire darted from his eye, the tear that ought
 To have asswag'd the flame was vainly fought;
 Rage and remorse contended in his breast,
 And fault'ring sighs his glowing soul suppress.

At length his gen'rous feelings calmer grew;
 And turning tow'rd the East—"young soldier—view,"
 Says he, "the radiant lustre of yon glorious sky,
 "Does not the beamy splendor charm thine eye?
 "I love," replies the youth, "the chearful sight;
 "Yet," says the Indian, "yet that orb so bright,
 "Sheds not its gladness on *my* aching mind;
 "But wisdom bids my soul to be resign'd."
 He spoke, and scarce had rais'd his pausing brow,
 When, lo! a rich magnolio's blossom'd bough,
 Arose to view —————

"Do'st thou," resumes the Chief, "with pleasure see,
 "The new-born beauty of yon blooming tree,
 "In vain it ope's its gaudy charms to me;
 "In vain the starry spheres their radiance roll,
 "All, all is darkness to my grief-struck soul.
 "Oh! go, be happy, from such woes depart;
 "To Albion haste—and glad a father's heart;

"Let

"Let him again, embracing his lov'd son,
"With joy behold yon orb its courses run;
"And when he sees the rip'ning bloom of spring,
"Long may the view successive rapture bring."

11 7 19

ELIJAH,

E L I J A H,

A

S A C R E D O R A T O R I O:

I N T H R E E A C T S.

Set to Music by Mr. J. W. CALCOTT, M.B.

Written in the YEAR 1785.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

IN THREE VOLUMES

By Mrs. J. W. ABBOTT



Printed in the U.S.A.

INTRODUCTION.

THE subsequent piece was written on the spur of the occasion, to accommodate the Gentleman who honoured it with the embellishment of his Music.

It would not have formed a part of this Miscellany, (being of a much earlier date than any other of the compositions) had not the insertion been requested by several persons who pleased to express their approbation of it.

A select part of the Oratorio was performed to a very polite audience, at Freemason's Hall, for the Benefit of that laudable Institution, the Humane Society. The Author had the

pleasure, on that occasion, to meet with the favourable opinion of many; this circumstance joined to encourage him in venturing the present publication of it.

As the performance of an Oratorio is often found tedious, from its being calculated more for the judges of music, than a general audience. The composer must naturally desire as much scope for *diversity of stile*, as the confined nature of the thing can possibly admit; agreeably to this idea, the Author has been obliged to keep less close to the letter of the argument, on which the piece is founded, than he otherwise would have wished.

Sacred composition, of every description, seems to require a language conformable to its own nature---and to forbid too lavish a use of the florid stile of Poetry. It has been endeavoured, as much as possible, to preserve, in the present instance, a diction rather simple than elegant.

If any excuse be necessary for the mixture of blank verse in the character of Elijah, the Author has to offer as the reason, that he conceived the latter to possess a superior dignity, which would best suit the character of a Prophet; he believes, however, that the circumstance is not unprecedented.

The

The period of the Drama is fixed at the reign of the tyrant Ahab, when Israel was visited for its obstinate persistence in Idol Worship, with a long and grievous Famine. The leading incident is Elijah's Conversion of the Priests of Baal.

Vide *Kings*, Book I. Chap. 18, 19.

PERSONS

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ELIJAH.

AHAB.

OBADIAH.

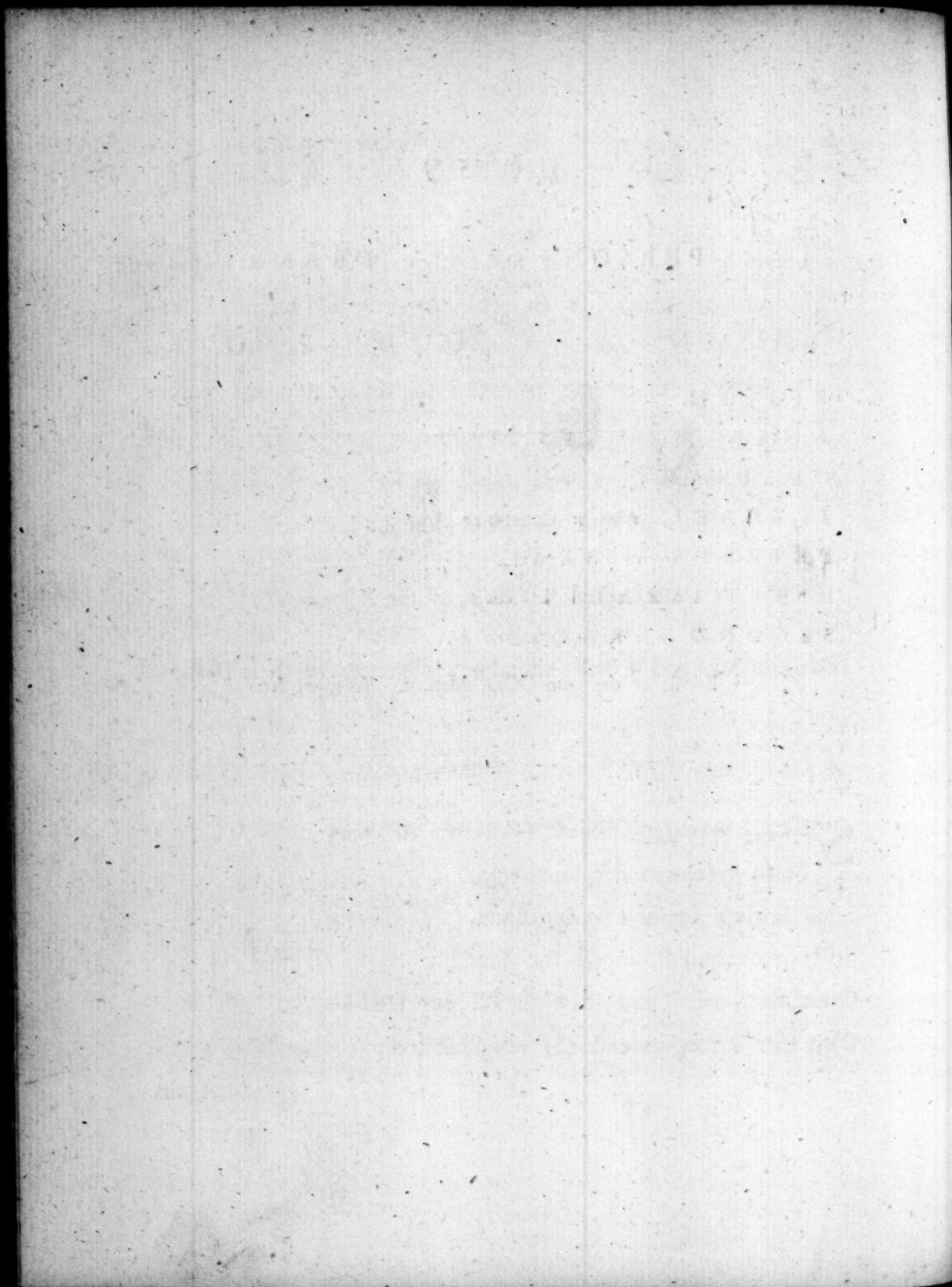
JEZEBEL, Ahab's Concubine.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.

FIRST ISRAELITE.

SECOND ISRAELITE.

Priests of the true GOD, Men and Women, &c.



E L I J A H,

A N

O R A T O R I O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Country on the Banks of the "JORDAN."

Israelitish Men and Women assembled, as bemoaning their Destiny.

FIRST ISRAELITE.

STILL, brethren, subject?—do we still obey

Stern tyranny's despotic sway?

Shall lawless rapine's guilty hand,

Still uncontroul'd despoil the land?

Great Baal, rise! and shew thyself our God—

O'er Isr'el's foe, extend thy vengeful rod;

H

Again

Again let *justice* claim her plunder'd throne;
 And righteous honours deck the Monarch's crown.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Lo! at the summit of yon barren steep,
 Beneath whose brow refounds the furgy deep;
 Culture, despondent on her shaggy bed,
 Bound by the tyrant hangs her drooping head;
 No more the blessings of her golden store,
 Bloom in our fields, and fertilize our shore.

S O N G.

Say where is Plenty's ruddy smile,
 That warm'd the mountain's brow,
 That crown'd the rustic's honest toil;
 Who bade her treasures flow.

No more amid the smiling vales,
Her vernal beauty blooms;
No more soft Zephyr's breath exhales,
Around her rich perfumes.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

No verdure springs, no rivers flow,
No blossoms bud, no flowerets blow;
Fierce famine blasts the thirsty plains;
O'er the wild waste one dreary winter reigns.

S O N G.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Say, rosy cherub of delight;
Say, Peace, what claimst thy steps invite?
Still Ifr'el's sons thy absence mourn;
Oh! why, deny thy wish'd return?

SECOND ISRAELITE.

In vain, my friends, you urge this idle woe;
In vain these sluggish streams of sorrow flow,
While despot Ahab, from his guilty hand
Destruction spreads, and desolates the land.
Why—meanly subject to the yoke of fear,
Lag we, my brethren, thus inactive here?
Shall *tears* avail to build our shatter'd laws?
Shall tears avail to ~~build~~^{head} a NATION'S CAUSE?

S O N G.

In ev'ry breast let vengeance glow;
To *wish* must be to *do*;
The boon deny'd to suppliant woe,
By *nobler* means *exact*.

On

On patriot virtue glory dawns;
Its cause is but her own;
And round the sword for freedom drawn,
She binds a laurel'd crown.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

We rise!—we arm!—at glory's sacred call;
All ills we dare, to purchase Ahab's fall.

To them Enter OBADIAH.

Mistaken friends, this guilty rage forbear,
Nor rush on deeds that hurry to despair;
No mortal pow'r robs your land of peace;
In vain you seek the tyrant's rage t'appease;
Fortune—not thus—shall flourish in your walls;
CONFESS YOUR GOD, and impious Ahab falls.
Call on JEHOVAH, with unfeigned pray'rs,
'Tis he *alone*, the HOLY ONE, that hears.

Myself—

Myself—('tis lordly Ahab that commands)
Journey to search around our naked lands;
If, peradventure, on the parched plains,
I luck'ly chance to trace some poor remains,
Of Plenty's store to feed the *martial trains*;
Worn with disease, with famine and despair,
They fall as by the massacre of war.

To that bright source, where ever glows,

The flame of living love;

With decent sorrow urge your woes;

And may the Lord approve.

May his good grace your suppliance bless,

Incline, and pity your distress.

C H O R U S.

(*The Worshipers of B A A L.*)

False is the God whom you adore;

Proud Seer hence! nor teach us more;

Baal's

Baal's the God 'bove all renown'd,
The God who shall his foes confound.

C H O R U S.

(Of the Worshipers of B A A L.)

Hail, awful Ruler of the skies!
To thee shall Isr'el's incense rise;
Array'd in robes of living light,
Baal descend, and plead our right;
From thy cœlestial splendid throne
Arise—and let thy wrath be known.

Enter a MESSENGER.

M E S S E N G E R.

Fast by yon juniper's expansive shade,
Whose nutrid boughs once fann'd the yielding glade;
Where, in full splendor, Nature's glorious Queen,
Breath'd her bright charms, and vivified the scene;

Pensive

Pensive I stray'd, where sorrow mark'd the way,
 To view my fallen country's fettering day,
 Sad murmurs echo'd thro' the shiver'd grove,
 That once embower'd, echo'd but to love:
 Aghast I stood, beholding with surprise,
 The woe fraught scene, and question'd with my eyes
 For what enormity or dire offence,
 Our anger'd God such torments should dispense.

FIRST ISRAELITE.

Too well the tale is painted in our hearts,
 —Yet something more methinks thy brow imparts,
 Com'st thou to comfort, or to deepen woe?

MESSENGER.

More patient hearing on the rest bestow.
 As—lock'd in grief, I view'd the horrid scene,
 Sudden advanc'd, with more than mortal mien,

A hoary

A hoary sage—majestic o'er the ground
 He mov'd, stedfast and slow—in thought profound;
 A rev'rend age sat awful on his brow,
 O'er his hoar cheek did silver tresses flow,
 Conspicuous thro' his form his tokens shine,
 On this I speak, and know him for divine.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

O'er that form with charms diffusive,
 May sweet mercy be array'd,
 May our sorrows prove delusive,
 Now with coming joys repaid.

S O N G.

ISRAELITE. (*To the Messenger.*)

Conduct us brother to that blest retreat——
 That, luck'ly, we may chance the sage to meet——
 I trust he comes at Baal's sacred call
 To avenge our wrongs, and bid proud Ahab fall.

(66)

S O N G.

The Deity inspires us
To crush this vaunting foe!
While patriot virtue fires us
And guides the vengeful blow.
As the rolling ocean's course
Be our injur'd Ifr'el's force.

S O N G.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

No more of Fortune's waves the sport,
A wreck'd, despondent train,
Shall gentler gales our streamers court,
And whisper peace again.
Again shall plenty spread her swelling sail,
Launch her rich bark, and ride before the gale.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

* Fame's trumpet from afar
Our triumph shall declare,
To distant lands proclaim
Our country's patriot name,
While our great God shall stand confest
In riches, honor, power blest.

* The Israelites are here made to anticipate the triumphs they may reap from the overthrow of Ahab, to whose wicked reign they attribute all their distresses.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

(68)

A C T II.

S C E N E, A H A B ' s P A L A C E.

* Ahab, Jezebel, and a few Attendants.

A H A B.

SLAVES to my pleasure bend the suppliant knee,
Prepare to execute your lord's decree ;
Too long has famine with despotic hand
Brandish'd th' insatiate spear, and scourg'd my land.
Still uncontroll'd she rushes on her way
In proud despite of Ahab's puissant sway.
Behold her insults reach the regal throne,
And dare despoil the treasure of my crown.
Know then, revenge in all its ardor glows
Thro' my firm heart, and thus it breathes my vows——

* The king is here introduced as just arrived from a fruitless search after provision for his army.

S O N G.

S O N G.

J E Z E B E L. *(Interrupting him.)*

Oh bid these fierce emotions cease,

Let love's enthralling charm,

To ev'ry passion whisper peace,

And sooth each rude alarm.

Bid welcome to pleasure,

To bliss without measure,

The mortal's rich treasure,

That ne'er shall alloy;

Soft rapture possessing,

Love offers its blessing

To drown your distress in

A fountain of joy.

A H A B.

A H A B.

What means this Syren song, this 'luring strain,
 That wou'd the ardor of my soul refrain?
 Hence with your harlot wiles, to Ahab's grief,
 Not *love*, but *vengeance* shall procure relief.

(To the Attendants.)

Therefore away, and in the royal name
 Thro'out the land a SACRIFICE proclaim.
 From ev'ry altar let oblations rise,
 And holy incense cloud th'offended skies;
 Bid Baal's priests begin their sacred lays,
 And shout around our shores his endless praise:
 And mark, if any 'mongst my subjects dare
 To other Gods address their guilty pray'r,
 To instant slaughter drag the sceptic foe,
 And on our altar let his entrails glow.

S O N G.

S O N G.

* *For foes like these* the anger'd God
Hath blasted Ifr'el's pride;
For *these* we feel the mighty rod
That drives his fury's tide.

C H O R U S O F I S R A E L I T E S.

Oh, may Devotion's sacred flame
(Bright as is Baal's holy name)
To his due rites excite the faithless foe,
And all his Deity in their bosoms glow!

C H O R U S.

Soon may we see th'auspicious day
When all our tribes confess his sway;
Soon may we bid the union hail!
And to our foes disclose the tale.
"One only God rules Ifr'el's land,
"At once to bless and to command."

* This is agreeable to sacred tradition: Ahab, blind to his own iniquity, and every true notion of religion, ascribes the distresses of the nation to the defection of a part of his subjects from the worship of Baalim.

S O N G.

S O N G.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Oh! hither speed ye blifsful hours,

Arise on rosy wing,

When Plenty's warm returning show'rs

Shall shed the dew of spring.

When on the mountain's mossy brow

Again our flocks shall stray,

And the cheer'd soil with nurture glow

Beneath the solar ray——

(To them enter OBADIAH.)

OBADIAH.

In full compliance with my lord's command,

I've search'd the inmost mazes of your land

With fruitless care; for lo! the glorious sun

His stated course has thrice o'er Isr'el run

Since, cherish'd by its ray, the fost'ring smile

Of culture beam'd upon the pregnant soil.

A H A B.

A H A B.

Insulting slave, forbear this idle wail,
 This pompous prelude to a useless tale;
 I'll bear no more—dispatch a chosen band
 To search around my desolated land;
 For that accursed priest—that seer profound,
 Elijah,—unless in irons bound
 Soon at my throne they drag the wizard sage,
 Themselves * shall sink beneath my kindled rage.

O B A D I A H. (*As Ahab is going out.*)

See where he comes, see thro' his form divine,
 The tokens of his God transcendent shine!

Enter ELIJAH and his Disciples, Worshipers of the true God, as meeting Ahab.

* The famine was foretold by Elijah to Ahab, 1 Kings, xxvii. 1. During Obadiah's search after provision, he is met by Elijah, and is sent by him to Ahab, to signify his approach.

K

A H A B.

A H A B.

Behold the cause of Isr'el's pains!

I rage---I burn---my fev'rish veins

Glow with rushing streams of blood!

I feel throughout th'impetuous flood.

Slaves hence! away! the victim bear,

Let hottest pangs his entrails tear.

With him ye cares be gone! away!

As mists before the solar ray---

The forc'rer's found,

The tale resound;

Rising joys my griefs control,

And vengeance swells my rising soul.

CHORUS OF ELIJAH'S ATTENDANTS.

Ahab recal this rash command;

Stay, tyrant stay thy impious hand,

Nor dare uplift your anger's rod

Against the prophet of your God;

He

He dooms to death who dare blaspheme,
 And angels tremble at his name.
 On whirlwinds borne his wrath shall ride,
 And scourge the king who stalks in pride.

E L I J A H.

Mistaken prince! no artifice of mine
 Hath Isr'el's peace beguil'd; thy lawless sway,
 Join'd to the bold presumption of thy father's
 Swerving from God, and following Baalim,
 Hath heap'd affliction on our race; haste then,
 Assemble Isr'el unto Carmel*.
 Call Baal's prophets in their lengthen'd train,
 With the vain priests, whose hallow'd mockery
 Pays idle honor *to the groves*†.
Thy word shall lead them e'en from
 Jezebel's caroufals.

* Vide 1 Kings xviii. 19.

† These were a class of 400 prophets, called The Prophets of the Groves, who eat at Jezebel's table.

SONG. ELIJAH.

There will I plead *alone* my cause,
And proof from Heav'n impart;
There I'll promulge the sacred laws
From which you dare depart.

On *Carmel's* steep, before his foes,
I'll there Jehovah's truths disclose.

A H A B.

Insulting slave, this confidence is vain,
Thy wayward skill shall not a purpose gain,
Therefore away! explore the land, and find
In some rude fool, weak superstition's mind,
There let your labor'd omens be divin'd;
To bid a peasant tremble —

CHORUS OF BAAL'S PRIESTS.

Behold his prophets all around
Your dark illusion to confound;
To him your stubborn tribes shall bow,
Nor dare another god avow.

ELIJAH.

ELIJAH.

'Tis well---this host of prophets telleth much :
 'Tis well divin'd to lure a nation's heart
 From piety and God.——
 Much can proud symbols do, much pompous pray'r,
 I wonder not that in the deep-laid guile
 The sons of Isr'el have so easy fell :
 Deceit's a demon pow'rful as accurs'd.
 Spite of th' unequal chance, yet will I stand
 Held by an arm invifible above
 Thofe ftarry realms, which *Baal never knew!*
 In vain your taunts my impotence deride,
 Religion's mine,---and GOD IS ON MY SIDE.

SONG. CHIEF PRIEST OF BAAL.

Priest unfold the labor'd ftory,
 Come---your oracle difclofe ;
 Baal's prophets, firm before you,
 Still to Baal pledge their vows.

ELIJAH.

E L I J A H.

Amidst the lawless tumults of the vain
 It ill befits Elijah to disclose
 The undefiled mysteries of God:—
 Again I urge my suit; to Carmel's mount
 Collect the prophets of your idol—all—
 In solemn synod let them meet, and have
 A calm dispassion'd mind, fit to imbibe
 The sober voice of reason;
 There—undissembling and sincere I pledge
 Conversion from the idol faith.

S O N G. A H A B.

Attend, 'tis my supreme behest
 You grant the specious priest's request;
 Unless he ratify the vow,
 Himself a *sacrifice* shall glow
 In honor of his GOD.—

E L I J A H.

E L I J A H.

Let Baal's prophets from a chosen herd
 Two bullocks—destin'd for oblation—bring—
 Their's to their Idol sacred—
 To JEHOVAH mine—
 And mark, beneath the holy pile, forbear
 To light th'accustom'd flame, let not a spark
 Of fire approach the beasts—your rites begin,
 Call on your Baal, and by your pray'rs
 Invoke his aid—*myself* will supplicate
My God—Here rest the proof—If on *your* shrine
 There blaze, from source invisible, a flame,
 Henceforth be Baal GOD; but if on *mine*,
 Be my Jehovah GOD.

C H O R U S.

B A A L's P R I E S T S.

We go—but priest thou soon wilt mourn—
 Vengeance awaits your dire return.

Go

Go, Jehovah's mercy crave,

Let him his *mighty* servant save.

PRIESTS OF GOD.

Fly your lifeless idol's shrine,

Converted to a God divine.

Great King of kings stand forth to-day—

HIGH PRIEST OF BAAL.

Now Baal, now assert thy sway. [Exit.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

*Baal's Prophets, Ahab, Obadiab, with Elijah, and the Priests of God,
assembled on Mount Carmel, agreeably to the Proposal of Elijah.*

CHORUS. BAAL'S PRIESTS.

O Baal! great transcendent lord,
Thy succour to our cries afford,

By that adorable decree

That bade creation's symmetry

From undigested chaos rise,

And fashion ocean, earth, and skies;

That made yon glorious heav'nly ray

From darkness start and form the day:

O Baal grant thy servants' pray'r,

Arise,—thy deity declare!—

E L I J A H.

And is it thus*, your idol's boasted pow'r,
 His godhead and supreme omnipotence,
 Reveal'd?—Already, from the early dawn
 Of day with unremitted ardor
 Have ye pray'd; yet, callous to your cries,
 Baal rejects his people's vows.—

Yet *in a God* doth mercy sure reside;
 Pursue the rites, *still louder lift your voice,*
 Perchance, (though he's a god) Baal, as now,
 In slumber is engag'd, or converse deep,
 And needeth to be rous'd.

S O N G.

Tho' you boast the wond'rous story,
 Baal's high transcendent glory
 Fears its radiance to display;
 Ifr'el rouse, put off confusion,
 Waken from your dark illusion,
 Wake to truth's enlight'ning ray.

* The Scripture represents Elijah as deriding Baal's priests in irony.

S. H. O. I. N. G.

As fondly o'er her new-fledg'd care,
The bird with joy maternal sings,
Extends her pinions high in air,
And shields it with her guardian wings,
While to each rude alarm awake
She trembles for her offspring's sake :
Thus from those blissful realms above,
Your God extends the arms of love,
In mercy's softest voice address'd
Invites his people to be blest'd ;
Waits with a father's warmth t' embrace
His chosen Isr'el's falling race.

CHORUS. PRIESTS OF THE TRUE GOD.

Turn, Isr'el, turn to Heav'n repentant eyes,
Nor dare the mercy of your God despise.

E L I J A H.

Warn'd by the high command of Heav'n be aw'd,
While now in solemn supplication bent
Before the throne of grace; *I in my turn*
Address my God; and, oh! ye stubborn race,
Prepare to face the Pow'r ye dare disown!

INVOCATION. ELIJAH

Eternal very God of light,
Bow down thy gracious ear;
Hear, from those realms of mercy bright,
Oh! hear thy fervant's pray'r.
Vouchsafe the spirit of thy truth to impart,
Let all thy Deity warm lost Isr'el's heart.

[Here the Fire falls from Heaven on ELIJAH's Sacrifice.]

C H O R U S.

Tremendous scene! the heavens unfold,
And see in yonder flames enroll'd,

The

The glory of the Lord arise
To blefs Elijah's facrifice !
Caught by the bright empyreal fire,
The favor'd rites to Heav'n aspire !

CHORUS OF BAAL'S PRIESTS, AND THE PRIESTS OF GOD.

THE LORD IS GOD—JEHOVAH REIGNS—
THE TIDINGS SHOUT TO ISR'EL's PLAINS.

E L I J A H.

Eternal praise to the Almighty hand
That thus extends forgiving love, oh ! turn
Ye favor'd tribes, in *adoration* turn,
To that bright source whence all this mercy flows.
Let warm contrition, undissembled faith,
And sanctity unfullied, cleanse your hearts,
And make them temples *worthy* to receive
The undefiled mysteries of God.

No

No more with foul idolatry and sin
 Be Isr'el stain'd, but by the firmest bands
 Of union be conjoin'd to piety and God.
 No more th'unhallow'd precepts of the proud
 Shall from *true holiness* seduce your hearts.
 Collect the guilty train of Baal's priests,
 And to the brook of Kishon be they led
 As victims sacred to the God, whom
 With hallow'd mockery they dar'd
 Dishonor, and disown; Elijah's arm
 Rais'd by the hallow'd mission of his God,
 The righteous slaughter shall perform.
 Ahab depart, indulge the festal hour,
 For lo! in mercy due, th'Almighty God
 Prepares on Isr'el's thirsty land to show'r
 Refreshing rains.

SONG, ELIJAH.

Directed by a heav'nly guide,
 Again shall Plenty's swelling tide

Spring

Spring up, and spread its pregnant wave
 Our parch'd fields, and flocks to save,
 And, rising from cœlestial source,
 Shall lavish blessings in its course.
 Then Isr'el hear—Jehovah's sway,
 With faith unshaken learn t'obey,
 In grateful songs promulge his fame,
 Unbounded as yon starry frame.

C H O R U S.

So shall our land, no more oppress'd,
 In summer's golden charms be dress'd;
 The breath of peace from ev'ry vale
 Contentment's blessings shall exhale;
 Returning joys our grateful realm confess,
 And bless the God, who still delights to bless.

F I N I S.

Spring us, and spread its pregnant wave,
Our parch'd fields, and flocks to save,
And, rising from celestial fountains,
Shall lavish blessings in its course.
Then hark!—Heaven's Jehovah's ways
With faith and holiness learn to obey,
In grateful songs, to praise his name,
Upbrought as you truly frame.

C H O R U S

So shall our land, no more oppress'd,
In summer's golden chains be dress'd.
The breath of peace from every side
Contentment's blessings shall exhale;
Returning joys our grateful hearts console,
And hark! the God, who still delights to bless.